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# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## The Path of Sun

*Across the harbor's placid wave*
*The pathway of the sun is bright.*
*The orb uprising from its grave*
*Has pushed away the angry night,*
*And now the beating sea is still,*
*And lit from Heaven's hill.*

*O wings of white that flit across!*
*You sails that flash and fall and rear!*
*I know not what of pain or loss*
*The souls you carry bear or fear;*
*I know this hour their eyes are bright*
*With morn's exultant light.*

*O heart of mine, O faith of mine,*
*You have not sunk or wailed at loss;*
*You fathom not the far divine,*
*But lighten with a smile each cross;*
*And still your path till life is run*
*Shall be the path of sun.*

JAMES H. WEST.

## CONTENTS

EDITORIAL:
Notes ..... 475
Brewers as Friends of the Bible. Joseph H. Crooker ..... 476
The Plan of Prayer. E. P. Powell ..... 478
Sunshine. *Capt. Jack Crawford* ..... 478
THE PULPIT:
Be Joyful. Edwin G. Brown ..... 479
CORRESPONDENCE:
Lyman Ward ..... 481
Lincoln. *Camilla Sanderson* ..... 481
THE STUDY TABLE:
The Liberian Crisis. Frederick Starr ..... 482
Book Reviews. Arthur J. Francis ..... 483
Books Received ..... 483
THE HOME:
Helps To High Living ..... 484
A Lullaby. *Alice Hegan Rice* ..... 484
Some Old Relics. *Youth's Companion* ..... 484
Scientific Training. *The Pacific Unitarian* .... 484
The Land of Heart's Desire. *Emily Huntington Miller* ..... 484
THE FIELD:
Foreign Notes. M. E. H. ..... 485

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1909 NUMBER 4.

**Father! replenish with Thy grace**
**This longing heart of mine,**
**Make it Thy quiet dwelling place,**
**Thy sacred inmost shrine!**
**Forgive that oft my spirit wears**
**Her time and strength in trivial cares,**
**Infold her in Thy changeless peace,**
**So she from all but Thee may cease.**
*—Angelus Silesius, 1657.*

---

Of all articles we have ever read on the eternal race problem, one of the best is that of Quincy Ewing in the current *Atlantic*. It is frank, clear-cut, and true, but merciless in its stripping off of the last frayed tatter of prejudice and showing things as they are. Mr. Ewing is a native and resident of Louisiana and writes from the midst of the problem, and he lets light through the frazzled old sophistries with admirable lucidity. One cannot condense such an article without spoiling it, but the sum of the matter is here:

"The problem arises only when the people of one race are minded to adopt and act upon some policy more or less oppressive or repressive in dealing with the people of another race. In the absence of some such policy there has never been a race problem since the world began. Chattel slavery ceased to be at Appomattox; the problem, How to maintain the social, industrial and civic inferiority of the descendants of the chattel slaves, succeeded it, and is the race problem of the South at the present time. There is no other." But, "remove the white inhabitants of the South, give their place to the white people of any other section of the United States, and, beyond a peradventure, the Southern race problem, as I have defined it, would continue to be—revealed, perhaps, in ways more perplexing, more intense and tragic."

---

Every cause must have its novel. Dickens proved that fiction is an effective form of propaganda, and so did Charles Reade and Harriet Beecher Stowe and Upton Sinclair. So we have from England an anti-vivisection novel by G. Colmore, entitled "Priests of Progress." As a piece of literature it is nil, but it is a good tract in a cause which gains strength, aided as it is by one of the most artistic and able papers of this land, the New York *Life*. And yet for all the passion that is put into the argument of this book, it is singularly lacking in forceful appeal. It is too frenzied. It describes the cutting up of animals without anaesthetization. It affirms that hydrophobia is a superstition. It inveighs against vaccination and the whole scheme of serum-therapy. It degenerates, at times, into an hysterical shriek. There was, a few years ago, too much surgical slaughter, but all good things nowadays are spoiled by becoming fads. And the reaction against fads leaves our last state worse than the first. In so far as it serves to bring the facts more clearly into view, the book will do good.

It is good to read of the National Probation League and its work. This movement grew out of the experience of Judge Cleland, of Chicago, in dealing with misdemeanors caused chiefly by drink. Most of the offenders pleaded guilty; whereupon, the judge instead of fining them or sending them to the workhouse, imposed a maximum sentence and entered a motion to vacate the sentence, releasing the prisoners on whatever bond they could give—sometimes on their own recognizance, the offenders promising, meanwhile, to abstain from liquor and to care for their families. In this way 1,200 have been paroled. Of this number only seventy abused the kindness of the court and had to be dealt with more severely. All the others reported to the judge, the sessions of the court being held at night in order that they might not have to leave their work. Faces changed from week to week, and homes grew brighter under the reign of gentleness. Hence the League, of which Judge Cleland is president, Rev. W. E. Barton, vice president, and *The Newer Justice* the official organ. It is a league of pity, a union of those who love in the service of those who suffer, replacing the older justice, which was hard to distinguish from revenge, with a stern and firm kindness akin to the mercy of God. It is the gospel of Jesus taught of late years, most impressively both by precept and example, by Tolstoi. It is a hand put forth to guide the loose feet of them that walk the way of the weakening will.

---

The object of John R. Mott in his new essay, "The Future Leadership of the Church," is to aid in enlisting abler men in the work of the ministry. Throughout the book, and rightly so, the emphasis is not upon the number but on the quality of the men for this high service to the ideal interests of society. It is a timely essay, earnest in spirit, statesmanlike in its scope and grasp. The loss which the pulpit, along with literature and art, has sustained in modern times, is great beyond measure. The chief cause is obvious,—the withdrawal of so many first rate minds into science and industry, wooed by the voices of the age. This exodus began years ago, when Carlyle, Emerson and Bancroft left the pulpit for the larger field of letters, and it has been going on ever since,—almost taking from us Brooks, Chapin and Swing. It must be that this tide will turn, and that the high and honorable ambition to be an interpreter of the things of the soul will yet win the homage of our elect youth. No young man need falter

at the steps of the pulpit, consecrated as it is by much genius and power. Not since the Christian era began has there been such an opportunity as there is today for strong, broad, virile ministers, whose hearts God has touched. Between a petrified conservatism on the one side, and an erratic radicalism on the other, there is room for a pulpit wise with the wisdom of the seer, free as the air, and in many keys and tones eloquent for God and the higher human life. Men are ready to be led out of the dim and drizzling twilight of agnosticism into the sunlight. One notes in unexpected places a resurgence of the religious hunger, a return of the ancient homesickness of the human soul. All now realize that money can bring us immunity from but a few things of those that mar the life of man and turn its joy to ashes. Mere intellectualism is powerless to move and purify the heart of man. Culture may induce self-pity, but not self-sacrifice. About all it can do is to produce dainty minor poetry, which is but mingled query and protest, an attempt to satisfy the longing for the eternal in a sad joy in the things that vanish. It is a pillow of stone, with never a bright angel climbing the ladder of dreams. Science, noble and humane as it is, has shown itself to be a stammering prophet of hopeless ignorance in all the great hours of life. But now as of old, sin stains, sorrow wounds, and death smites with its tender and terrible stroke. Hence the undertone of wistful pathos in this laughing and logical age. All feel the need of a faith that makes men faithful, gentle, and hopeful. Here is the opportunity of the pulpit. It is in this behalf that we may appeal to young men, pointing them to a task which calls for all that a man has of delicacy, of insight, of character and power. To touch men with your soul, to deepen their faith in the things of the spirit, to turn them from a semblance of life to homage for truth and beauty,—this is a service worthy of all your powers.

"While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on clefts of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit!"

## Brewers as Friends of the Bible

The representatives of the liquor trade have suddenly become very pious. They rush to the front as defenders of the Bible against the ungodly abstainers and the irreligious Prohibitionists. They are appealing to ministers, by cunningly devised circulars and pamphlets, to crush the infidel attacks of the Anti-Saloon League upon Scripture. They are flooding editorial rooms with arguments and appeals against "temperance cranks," as enemies of Christ and his Church. The editors of religious papers are receiving an "Appeal" issued "To the Ministers of America" by "The Model License League" (which spells "United States Brewers' Association"), in which the following language is used: "God commended and commanded the use of wine. . . . The Savior made wine, gave wine to his friends and drank wine . . . and to attack the use of alcoholic beverages . . . is to repudiate Scriptural teaching"!

Brewers as "friends" of the Bible: What greater outrage could be put upon the oracles of God? Brewers as "friends" of Jesus: What greater or fouler shame could be heaped upon the Nazarene,—a new crucifixion upon the cross of greed, more cruel than the brutality of Nero and more inhuman than the tortures of Torquemada? Brewers as "friends" of God: Look upon the bloated faces of drunkards and prostitutes; listen to the cries of hungry children whose fathers have bought beer instead of bread; consider the long line of paupers marching daily from saloons to poor-houses; hear the pistol shots of robber and suicide; behold the tears that never leave a million mother-eyes because husbands and sons will drink; stand in the criminal courts and remember that a large majority of these men and women are there because some "model saloon" was open; go and sit beneath the grated windows of the asylum and listen to the ravings of the maniacs,—two out of every three of them, directly or indirectly, being there on account of drink—considered harmless and "moderate." How dare the brewer look upon this awful wreckage of the Sons of God, simply that he may have more "trade," and then impiously claim that he has the approval of God upon his man-devouring business?

Brewers "friends" of the Bible: This would seem like the fantastic joke of a weird nightmare, were not the ravage of their trade such a grim reality, to be traced in the sluice of vice, in the blood of murder, in the sufferings of children, and in the woes of perdition! Brewers the "friends of the church: This would seem like the horrible pantomine upon the stage of some Dantesque Purgatory, were not the bruises and blotches, the tears and heartaches, the sorrows and sufferings of the business forever staring us in the face! Brewers the "friends" of Jesus, using his sacred name as a business asset, calling upon the Teacher of the Beatitudes to bless the saloon which multiplies woes and curses, and claiming that pure Christianity and the malster's rat must thrive or die together. This would seem like an impossible blasphemy were not the words before us in plain print!

This whole matter is an illustration of the old saying, Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. It cannot be that the Christian people of America will peacefully allow men who barrel beer, debauch politics, and ruin souls, to parade as the chief defenders of the Christian faith. It cannot be that Christian fathers and mothers will be glad to have the praises of Scripture sung by liquor dealers, who are breaking its most solemn commands. It cannot be that the moral sentiment of the land will tolerate this most irre-

ligious use of the forms and phrases of religion! Christian ministers will surely be stirred to new zeal for temperance by this shameful performance, this horrible claim that the distiller and the brewer are the true representatives of Jesus of Nazareth, that the Master's act at the Last Supper is a justification for all that goes on in the modern saloon! It is no new thing for evil to hide behind scripture-texts. Slaveholders did that half a century ago; but slavery is dead. Let brewers take warning.

The case of slavery illustrates the rule that will be followed respecting the drink habit and the liquor traffic. Slavery was not an acute social problem in Bible times; so that Scripture, while alluding to slavery as a permissible condition, does not contain definite prohibitions on this point. However, the essential principal of the New Testament is adverse to slavery; and yet, when the time for supreme action came, our Nation solved the problem, not by reference to ancient texts, but by appeal to present experience, in which God also resides and presides.

The same will be true with the temperance problem, which is now upon us. Different conditions existed when the Bible was writen from those that exist today. The "saloon" was then unknown. While Scripture contains much teaching against intemperance, and its essential spirit is decisively against all the policies of the modern liquor traffic, it does not specifically condemn "moderate drinking." This phase of the problem was not then under discussion, and the facts necessary for a right solution of it were not known. These facts are the result of modern scientific discovery, which is as much a commandment of God as the oracles of Sinai; they are the inherent and essential laws of God. The physiological discovery of the effects of alcohol is as truly a revelation as the words of Micah or Isaiah. And this liquor question is going to be settled, not by an appeal to Scripture texts, which in the main are decisively against the Brewers, but by an appeal to the facts of human life; and they are all on our side!

But a few things ought, in justice to Paul and Jesus, to be remembered in this connection: The advice respecting a "little" wine for the stomach's sake (1 Tim. 5:23) was not probably written by Paul, as many scholars now consider the book non-Pauline. Moreover, it is not beer or whiskey that is commended; the use is urged (after the manner of the time), not as a beverage but as a medicine; and no black shadow of the saloon rests on this text! A previous text in this writing is not quoted by the brewers: "Not given to wine . . . not greedy or filthy lucre" (1 Tim. 3:3). As a matter of fact, the whole liquor business, a monopoly of selfishness in restraint of virtue, is simply and solely an organized greed for filthy lucre, against which every precious text in the Bible is squarely directed. We may easily imagine what Paul would say against the present saloon, by referring to the passage (1 Cor. 11:20-34), in which he severely rebuked those who turned the Lord's Supper into over-indulgence. Surely, he who did not hesitate to pen the phrase, "cup of devils," for a lesser offence, would have scorched such a destroyer of human life as the modern saloonist with the devouring flame of a terrific anathema!

And as to Jesus, only this need be said: The story of the turning of water into wine is a legend, as modern scholars hold, and Jesus must not be held responsible for what he did not do. The passing of the cup at the common meal was an act separated by celestial diameters from the customs of the saloon, which the brewers wish continued for the money that is in it! The grape-juice in the cup was not intoxicating; the amount used was small; the act did not produce paupers and criminals; the custom was not maintained and defended for the "filthy lucre" involved in it as it is the case with our brewers, who seem so deeply concerned about the Bible! It is in no need of a defence from them. The Christian people of our land are rapidly coming to the conclusion that the saloon must be abolished, and no barricade of Scripture texts, even if a thousand-fold more numerous and more favorable, can protect the brewers and distillers from the cyclone of righteous wrath that is gathering.

*Boston, Mass.*

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

## The Plan of Prayer

What is to be the position of prayer in the curriculum of the future church? One thing is certain, that this method of worship does not hold its old-time rank anywhere, except possibly in the Episcopal churches. The prayer meeting has for a long while been in its decadence, and these little gatherings are not considered to be by any means as important as formerly. Whether this be wise or not, or a sign of spiritual degeneration, we shall not discuss. It is simply a matter of fact. It is not likely that the proposition made by Tyndall to establish a prayer test in some hospital, would now be received with the abhorrence and resentment exhibited forty years ago. A very large number of Christians would be on Mr. Tyndall's side, and would be really glad of a thoroughly scientific approbation or disapprobation of prayer.

The present position of prayer is unfortunate. It stands as a reminder of the time when disease and health were attributed directly to Providence or God. The appeal of prayer was directly an appeal for a modification of consequences, where the conditions were well in our own hands. Of course prayer reached beyond this, and had a great deal to do with a future life. Now in both these points the change is very marked. We care less and less for a future world, and are concentrating out attention on the best possible use of the present life. We no longer consider

it impious to believe in this world and in the body, and in the life that is as the most important. It is quite enough, as we are learning to look at things, to live nobly and rightly—that is righteously. This use of words is a fair illustration of what we mean, for rightness and righteousness have become identical. The right person is right before an Infinite judge as well as before a finite mind. Then again the idea of universal law, which was very dim in men's minds even fifty years ago, has driven the miracle out of existence, if not out of the creed. With the miracle gone and law permanently established, the power of prayer to persuade Deity to interfere in daily affairs has become very questionable. Darwinism added to a general idea of law a very definite operation and result of law—showing the impossibility of any difference between the Infinite Will as a person and Infinite Law as a universal force. Very much mixed up with this change was the growing change of conviction that our prayers must be very meddlesome affairs when they undertook to regulate or modify Infinite Wisdom. Is it possible for finite minds to interfere with the established purposing of the universe without creating confusion and misery?

More or less under these impressions, and these growing but as yet half-expressed convictions, prayer became readjusted into an expression of our submission to law and our intention to co-operate. A very large part of the realm of prayer was closed up when we became convinced that disease was not the direct message of God as a punishment for sin, and that our fevers were not, as Luther thought, the work of devils. The change was inevitably very vital. No one today prays for rain; very few pray for health, certainly not after the old manner of prayer; and as for crops, the hoe and the plow, with irrigation plants, and the exercise of common sense and reason, constitute God's reply. We get most of these answers to prayer through the Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations.

Shall we continue to pray? While prayer has lost its old definition and vacated most of its realm, has it not still a place in the churches and in private life? It must not be forgotten that Jesus refused to place any emphasis on this sort of worship and petition. He reduced long prayers to the very short petition which contains, we suspect, a great deal of truth that has not yet been drawn out of it. As for public prayers he simply denounced them. And yet Jesus did pray, and he prayed when in trouble in the Garden. The tone of his prayer was very much that of a child, under a distinct impression. Even the Lord's Prayer, as we call it, is not a generality or a link of generalities. In the garden it was a very human cry that was heard. Can we not say then that prayer has still a large room in human life? It is emphatically secret, and cannot find a public place unless we may suppose the congregated people have a common joy or a common pain. If praying together, we cannot, with justice to Jesus, go beyond the limits and spirit of the prayer he has given us. Every man has periods in his life when prayer is natural language. No one can be conscious of himself as a child of God without talking with his Father. Man has attained a place, under the influence of law and choice, in which it is plainly required of him to co-operate with God. It would be as absurd to say that human beings should communicate and carry on business without language as to say that this family of eternal love shall carry on the purpose of good-will without language. Tennyson has it perhaps in part in the words

> "I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
> And gather dust, and chaff, and call
> To what I feel is Lord of all,
> And faintly trust the larger hope."

And yet Tennyson stumbles. Let us rather learn to stand here, that the magnificent reign of Life and Law that is unfolding age by age, is but the pulsating presence of him who is over all and through all. We must draw warmly near, until with Kepler we can say, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." How true it is, as Jesus says, that no one can enter into the kingdom of Nature and of God except by becoming a little child. The dominating potency and brute-force animalism of the old time prayer is happily gone forever.

E. P. POWELL.

---

### THE NEW MOON.

When, as the garish day is done,
Heaven burns with the descended sun,
'Tis passing sweet to mark,
Amid the flush of crimson light,
The new moon's modest bow grow bright,
As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
A thrill of gladness o'er them steal
When first the wandering eye
Sees faintly, in the evening haze,
That glimmering curve of tender rays
Just planted in the sky.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

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### SUNSHINE.

*The Poet Scout's Creed.*

I never like to see a man a 'rastlin' with the dumps
Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch the trumps;
But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss
As takes his dose, and thanks the Lord it isn't wuss.
There ain't no use o' kickin' and swearin' at your luck,
Yer can't correct the trouble mor'n you can drown a duck.
Remember, when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed,
That God 'ill sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
And lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back, and holler "how'd you do,"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's a'hurtin' 'im, and laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just afore the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God 'ill sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain.
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain.
And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by,
We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smilin' sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours;
But always keep rememberin' when cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

—*"Capt. Jack" Crawford.*

## THE PULPIT

### Be Joyful

Be joyful, brother, be joyful. Look at the bright side of life. There is so much to be glad about. There is so little to be sad about. In your own life, the unpleasant things,—those over which you are inclined to grieve,—what are they but the proper punishment for broken law? Do you *grieve* because the burn or the cut gives you pain? That would be very foolish. The pain which the burn or the cut gives is the very thing which saves you from further, more serious burns or cuts. The principal way in which we learn wisdom, I might say the only way, is through the suffering that follows mistakes. Shall we grieve, then, because we suffer? Not so. Let us be glad. Let us go down and discover the *cause* of our suffering, the mistake which *we* have made; and then let us be glad that so much of wisdom has come to us, that we have learned one lesson, that we can hereafter avoid *that* mistake.

Be joyful. Everything that comes to you is cause for joy, for gratitude toward God, for thankfulness to him. The bright sunshine, the mountains, snow-capped, "The strength of the hills is his, also," the valley spreading wide and peaceful under the morning glow, the fresh breeze, your own buoyant step and beating heart and teeming brain, all, all blessings for which your heartfelt thanks, your sweetest songs of praise should rise. Be joyful, my brother, my sister. Life is full of beauty. Life is full of hope. Life is full of promise.

"But," you say, "life is not all bright and happy and joyous. There are many sad things in life. There are many hard things, many bitter things, many unjust things."

Yes, there are sad things in life. There are hard things in life. There are bitter things in life. There are, apparently, unjust things in life. And all of them, the sad things, the hard things, the bitter things, the apparently unjust things,—all are *good*, just as the pain which follows a burn is good, for all of them, for each and every one, we should thank God and be glad.

Let us see. Let us take specific examples of these different kinds of things. Let us study this matter closely. Let us go down to the heart of it. Let us look at the reality, face to face.

And now as to the sad things in life. There are so many, so very many, you say. All of the sickness and suffering and sin of the world, all of the ignorance and poverty and degradation of the world, all of the cruelty and brutality and inhumanity of the world, so sad, all of it, so very sad.

Moonshine, my brother, moonshine. Figments of your own foolish fancies. There isn't one tenth of the sickness and suffering and sin in the world that most of us think. There isn't one tenth of the ignorance and poverty and degradation in the world that most of us imagine. There isn't one tenth of the cruelty and brutality and inhumanity in the world that is currently believed to exist. And what if these things *do* exist, exist because they ought to exist, because they must exist so long as men and women will insist upon breaking God's laws. They are the natural, inevitable sequence of broken laws, and must follow in order that men may learn to know and obey God's laws. Moreover, if you are right, if there is all of this sin and degradation and inhumanity, *it isn't your affair.*

Now what shall I do to right the things that are going wrong?
And how shall I hasten the coming time of peace?
The day of work is short, and the night of sleep is long;
And whether to pray or preach, or whether to sing a song,
To sow in my neighbor's field, or to seek the golden fleece,
Or to sit with my hands in my lap and wish that sin would cease?

I think sometimes it were best just to let the Lord alone.
I think some people forget he was here before they came.
It's a little for his glory, and a great deal more for their own,
That they peddle their petty schemes, and blate and babble and groan.
I think sometimes it were best, and that I were less to blame,
Should I sit with my hands in my lap, in my face a crimson shame.

*Your* business is to meet *your* duties, to attend to *your* affairs, to live *this* day, *this* hour, *this* moment, bravely, joyfully, faithfully, and to trust God. God has given you just one body, and one brain, and one heart, and one soul to look after. Keep them clean and clear and pure and spotless. He has given you the power to do that. And that is the sum and the substance of the power he has given you, of the service he requires from you. Do that. Do that bravely and joyously, and you are doing all that God has given you the power to do to alleviate and lessen and overcome whatever of suffering and sin and wrong there is in the world.

But let us get down to some of the definitely sad things that come to us as individuals. I have in mind a woman. (Do you notice, when we think of the sad things of life, the hard things, the bitter things, how instinctively our thoughts turn to some woman?) I have in mind a woman who, through long years, supported and watched over and cared for a sister who was dying with slow consumption. A sad thing? Yes, from one point of view. But from another, what joy there was in the love! What joy there was in the service! What joy there was in the ability to give the service and the love! What joy there is now, each day, in recalling that through those long years there was loving service and loving appreciation! Is there any sweeter joy in life than to give loving service, than to give loving appreciation?

But the sister who died? Wasn't it a sad, sad experience for her? No, no. For her, there was, daily, joy and thankfulness for the loving service that came to her from the sister and from other friends. For her there was daily joy and thankfulness that she could pay them with love. For her there was love, pure, strong, unselfish love through it all. And is there anything in life that brings more joy than love?

But the facing death so, isn't that horribly sad? No. You and I are, with just as much certainty, today, facing death. Are you *afraid* to die? She was not. She thanked God for the love that blessed each day of life, and she knew that God's infinite love would enfold and protect her in death. Joy blessed both these sisters, the one who gave loving service and still lives, and the one who gave loving appreciation and has passed through the gates. Joy, not hilarity, not mirth, but joy, deep, peaceful joy blessed them both while they lived and passed through this experience; blesses, in the remembrance of the experience, the one who still lives; blesses, I think the one who has passed on.

Another particular case, and again a woman. Do you know a drunkard's wife? Yes, we all know her. We have seen her, with her little children about her, sitting, waiting for the return of the man who should be her lover, her protector, who is,—the unspeakable. Sad! O! so sad! Yes, from your point of view. But from hers, what? I tell you that into the life of the

wife of a drunkard may come all joy, all comfort, all peace. Into the heart of the wife of a drunkard may come the gladness which is beyond the power of words to express. What is it, what is it that brings joy, that brings peace? It is the attentive, listening soul that catches every whisper of conscience, every faintest breath of the Voice of God,—catches, and understands, and obeys. It is the doing of your duty, the doing of that duty that lies nearest, the doing of that duty well, and cheerfully, and lovingly,—that is what brings joy, that is what brings peace. Yea, and further. What is it that brings the highest joy, the deepest peace, the peace that passeth understanding? Santa Theresa has told us.

"Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting.
Alone, God sufficeth."

The drunkard's wife may lift her heart to God. She may put her hand in his. She may find him and possess him; and in that possession, free from all fear, filled with all love, she may walk in gladness, in gladness although the man she loves and would give her life to save is groveling in the dust. And when she has put her hand into God's hand; when she has given her heart to him; when she has come to know that he is with her daily, and hourly, and momently,—to know that all he demands of her is that she do well the duty that lies nearest; then is she safe from all harm; then, though a drunkard's wife, will all that is needful to the wants of body and spirit come to her. What more can come to any man, to any woman?

And the drunkard, the drunkard, what of him? Be joyful, O, my brother, though a drunkard, be joyful. There is hope for you. While you are a drunkard you can't get joy. While you are a drunkard, you are a foolish man, a weak man, a sinful man, a man who is not doing his full work, not doing his duty in the world, and there is no joy for you. But you *may be* joyful. You may put away your folly. You may rise above your weakness. You may cease from your sinning. You may do the full work of a man, *your work,* and do it well. Thus you may win joy. How? There is just one way. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God. You must put your hand into God's hand. You must lift up your heart to God. You must know that God is with you daily, and hourly, and momently. Oh! it is a hard task, brother. You have been allowing harsh husks of selfishness and self-indulgence and folly and weakness and sin to grow around your soul until the life of it is almost smothered out. You must tear those husks away with bleeding fingers. In agony, crying with a mighty anguish to God for help, you must tear those husks away, tear them away and trample them under your feet. Daily and hourly and momently will you have to lift up your bleeding hands to God and ask for help. But be joyful, O my brother, God is with you daily and hourly and momently. God never deserts you. God's ear is always open to hear your cry. God's heart is always tender. God's hand is always ready to help. Be joyful, my brother. Be of good cheer. Trust in God. "Work, and despair not."

Is there any man or woman among us, not a drunkard, who needs these words? Is there a man or woman among us who through long years has allowed harsh husks of selfishness and self-indulgence—harsh husks of pride, of greed, of cynicism—harsh husks of pettiness, and petulance, and fault-finding—has allowed these or some of these to grow about his soul? O friends, is there one among us who is not guilty? Is there one among us who does not need to pray God that he may be more kindly and more charitable, more tender of heart and more sympathetic, more truthful and more honest, more unselfish and more loving? Is there one among us?

I have said that you are responsible for just one person, yourself. Some mother, some father is saying, "How about our children?" You have a duty to your children, one of the most imperative duties of life. There is only one other more imperative, that is your duty to yourself. You can't begin too early to recognize this duty. You can't begin too early to train your future children. Do you realize that you and your children are one long before you have even dreamed that you would ever be father or mother? All through childhood and youth you are building up sound, vigorous bodies for the children that are to come; or you are, by foolish habits, laying the foundation for sickly children, weak children, deformed children. All through childhood and youth you are thinking the thoughts and doing the deeds that shall bless your children with courtesy and courage and kindliness, with clear heads and pure hearts and exultant souls, or shall handicap them with something less. You can't begin too early to train the future child in habits of obedience. Just be obedient to the Voice of God, your own conscience. You, who are a father, for twenty years before that boy was born you were training him in disobedience by your own refusal to obey your own conscience. For twenty years before that boy was born you were training him in habits of thought that you blush to think of now. Is it surprising that the boy is not an angel? And that willful girl,—remember the many years before she was born that you spent in sowing the seeds of that willfulness in your blood and hers. Remember those *many* years as compared with the *few* years, since she was born, that you have spent in trying to eradicate those vicious seeds. Remember, and do not get discouraged. Oh! you can't begin too early to train your children.

But O fathers and mothers, be joyful, even though many of the past years were spent unwisely; even though your frivolity and your folly and your weakness and your sin have left their stain and scar not only upon your own lives, but also upon the innocent lives of your children,—despite all this, be joyful. God has given you the power to put aside your frivolity and your folly, to overcome your weakness, to rise above your sin. And your children? You can't take the vicious taints out of their blood. No. But you can lead them by your daily life and walk to the source of all strength and help and comfort,—to the One who can and will help them to conquer themselves. You can give them loving sympathy, loving patience, loving forgiveness, loving encouragement.

Fathers, mothers, you have a great responsibility. No duty lies nearer to you than the duty to your children. You haven't done it fully in the past. Every lie you ever told has helped to make a liar of your child. Every unclean thought you ever cherished has helped to poison the blood in the veins of your child. You haven't done your full duty toward your children. But, thank God, *you can do it now.* Do not mistake the nature of your responsibility. Remember, they are God's children as well as yours. You furnished their bodies. You furnished the blood, with what taints and tendencies, you know best. But God fur-

nished the souls, and they, thank God, are pure and white. Do not forget that your child has this pure soul that God gave; and that you may, by your own life and example, help that pure soul to obtain the mastery of and overcome all the evil tendencies in that imperfect body that you gave. Be joyful, O fathers and mothers. Thank God that while it is true that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, it is also true that the pure soul which God gives to each of his children is able to overcome the father's sins.

And now the injustices that we meet in life, the cruelties, the brutalities, the inhumanities,—what of them? There are cruelties, there are brutalities, there are inhumanities, there are nameless atrocities that we shudder to think about. *But there are no injustices.* God rules everywhere and always. Be joyful. No man or woman or weakest child but gets justice. Be joyful. This is a truth difficult to see, difficult to understand, but truth.

Look at it in this way. There is just one person in this, God's universe, whom you can know closely, intimately,—yourself. Study that one person. If you are a sane man or woman, you have already said to yourself that you get justice, more than justice you sometimes think, in the good things, the pleasant things, the sweet things of life that come to you. The truth is that you have earned them, that you get nothing in life that you have not earned. Let me emphasize that. *You get nothing in life that you have not earned.* Nothing of joy, nothing of sorrow. Nothing of pleasure, nothing of pain. Nothing of grief, nothing of sadness. Nothing of shattered ideals. Nothing of hope deferred. Nothing of galling bonds. Nothing of shut-in lives. Nothing of caged souls and wing-clipped aspirations. Nothing, nothing of all the sad and cruel and bitter things that come to man or woman, nothing comes that you have not earned. A hard doctrine? Yes, a hard doctrine, but true. Nothing of the sad, nothing of the cruel, nothing of the bitter experiences of your life has come that was not caused partly by your own mistake, your own weakness. This does not mean that some one else may not have done wrong also. It does mean that you suffered for your sin; that the other person to the wrong suffered for his. Your part in the mistake may have been, as you see it, very small; his part, very large. It doesn't matter. *Your* suffering is for *your* sin. God rules. God is just. God punishes you for your sins and me for my sins. He does not punish you for my sins. He does not punish me for your sins. You will have to give this careful thought before you will understand it, before you will be able to see that it is absolutely true,—that it cannot be otherwise in this Universe where the All-wise, the All-just, the All-loving rules. It is true. Be joyful, my brother, my sister. God gives you all that you earn. Be joyful. You get justice, daily and hourly and momently. Be joyful.

And if you get justice, do you think that there is any single one of God's creatures that does not get justice? Do you think that you are a favorite of God? that he has singled you out and is giving you justice while he is giving to some other of your brothers and sisters injustice? It cannot be. God is no respecter of persons. You, with your narrow experience, your little, limited knowledge, your slight understanding,—you cannot comprehend many of the problems of life,—nay, you cannot comprehend fully any of the problems of life. You look at the cruelties, the brutalities, the inhumanities that many of our brothers and sisters, that many of the little, helpless children suffer, and your heart grows hot with,—righteous wrath, you call it. Very well, brother, sister, I am not sure that a hot heart, if the heat is directed against the cruelty and not the doer of the cruelty, against the brutality and not the brutal person, against the inhumanity and not the inhuman man or woman,—I am not sure that such heat of heart hurts you *much*,—though there is no righteous wrath. But really, brother, sister, the hot heart is not the best. It is true that,—

> "The wrongs our brothers bear are ours as well.
> The sins of others help to make our hell.
> But all the power we have to better things
> Lies in *the doing of our own work well.*"

Just think that over and recall those verses of Aldrich's. Better than the hot heart is the heart pulsing to the doing of our own work well. Aye! or the hot cheeks as "I sit with my hands in my lap, in my face a crimson shame."

Brothers, sisters, God was here before you came. Be joyful. The All-wise, the All-good, the All-just, the All-loving rules. Be joyful. All the sad things, all the bitter things come from him because we need them to make us wiser and better, braver and truer and sweeter. Be joyful. Lift up your hearts to God. Be joyful. Open your souls to the inflow of his infinite love. Be joyful. Life is a blessing, an opportunity to put yourself into harmony with the Divine Source of all that is. Be joyful. *Ye may possess God.* Be joyful.

EDWIN G. BROWN.

## Correspondence

Dear UNITY: Is it too late to write you of the Lincoln celebration held at Camp Hill, Alabama? The members of our school had various parts: the Farewell Springfield address (thanks to UNITY for the words), a selection from the Second Inaugural, and the Gettysburg address and a selection from Henry W. Grady's oration on Lincoln. We also had Whitman's "Captain, My Captain," and "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." Mr. Ward spoke of Mr. Lincoln as a world benefactor, and Miss Camilla Sanderson of Toronto, Canada, read a poem she had written especially for the occasion. It has been published in our little school paper and has received so many words of commendation that it has occurred to me that UNITY might like to publish it. I therefore enclose it.

LYMAN WARD.

*March* 10, 1909.

### LINCOLN.

Well nigh
Two thousand years ago a child was born,
While angels sang, to angels and to men,
That God, our Father, as a proof of love
Moved to compassion by our wretchedness,
Had sent his Son in tender human form,
To taste all sorrows, all temptations feel,
That so, by knowing ours, he could become
The Saviour of a sin-cursed world. And they,
Whose hearts were listening, heard the song; and they
Whose souls were watching saw his star beaming
In beauty in the eastern sky.

And ever on
As the sin-stricken world, grown sick and faint

With the dead weight of its own infamy,
Cried unto God, the Father heard that cry,
And, out of love's own gracious fulness, sent
A human Saviour for our human need,—
Some "Man of Sorrows," man of grand, true life,
Who died as martyrs die.

And so there came,
One hundred years ago, to western home,
A little child, born to a life of toil,
A life of fiercest struggle, keenest pain.
His the clear intellect with vision blest,
And the bright humor of a nature true.
His the stout heart that felt, but feared not wrong.
His the great soul that opened wide its doors
Of hope and comfort to earth's hopeless ones.
And so he grew in stature with the years;
In wit and wisdom, if devoid of grace;
In tenderness of heart if not of speech.
For 'neath ungainly form and rugged face,
There dwelt heaven's royalty in human guise,
A Saviour sent from God.

Upon his head
Was poured the oil of consecration, and
Upon his tongue was laid an altar-coal,
Touching with heavenly fire the fire within,
Until its glowing heat, fanned to a flame
By the Christ-love that moved him, bursting forth
In majesty of purpose, fused the Nation's heart:
Till men of rank and social standing—men
Unused to reckon by God's standards—saw
A man, a mental giant, with gigantic soul,
In forefront of the people wielding power
As trust from God; and heard his prophet-voice
Denouncing evil and upholding good,
Demanding from the South as from the North,
That man, our brother though with Ethiop skin,
Stand, as God made him, free.

He pleaded, too,
That men, who by this grievous wrong to men,
Trampled their own true manhood in the dust,
Should recognize a law of mightier force
Than brutish strength, or human greed of gold;
Should purge themselves of crime and cruelty,
And so, by power's sweet attribute of grace,
Rise to their manhood's height.

Not his the sin
Of wrongs that multiplied in fighting wrong.
Not his the shame of deeds that darkened heaven.
Not his the blame of ruined hopes and homes.
The zeal that burned within him fought for Right,
For Truth, for Liberty.

Buoyed up he was
By the great love he bore to God and man,
Cheered too, by glimpses of the good to come.
But how he suffered! How his warm, kind heart
Bled for the woes he had no power to stay!
How the brave soul of him grew almost faint
With longings for the sunlit days of peace,
When, from the seeming evil, there should flow
New streams of friendship; when love's heat should weld
New bonds of brotherhood; when South with North
Should vie in Christlike effort to uplift
To level of earth's joys and heaven's delights
The oppressed of every race.

That day has come.
Had he lived longer it had sooner dawned,
For, by his wisdom, as the nation's head,
And the sweet kindliness that never failed,
He would have led with strong safe-guiding hand,
Into thought's highlands, when men learn from God
His purpose in their being.

Here then ye stand,
Facing the sunrise of this better day.
Yours the great task his death has left in trust,—
To build anew, and with what speed ye may,
A truer, stronger nation, with clean hands
Uplifted unto heaven, that ye may live,
Like Lincoln, grandly well.

—*Camilla Sanderson.*

## THE STUDY TABLE

### The Liberian Crisis.

In closing my *The Truth about the Congo,* I said: "If it is necessary for us as a nation to look for African adventure; if to give a strenuous President the feeling that he is 'doing something' we must meddle in the affairs of the Dark Continent, there is a district where we might intervene with more of reason and consistency and grace than we are doing by going to the Congo. We once established on African soil, whether wisely or not I do not intend to discuss, a free republic for the blacks. In Liberia we have an American enterprise, pure and simple. It has not been a great success. It is just possible—though I doubt it—that Liberia would at several times have profited and been advantaged by our instruction and interest. But it seems to possess little interest for us. Just now, like the Congo, it is attracting British attention. Whether it has large or little value, whether it possesses great opportunities or not, it is now a center of interest to Great Britain. She does not need our help in pulling chestnuts from the fire there, and there has been strange silence and ignorance in this country regarding it as a new sphere for English influence. If we assist England in expanding her African possessions at the expense of the Congo Free State, Liberia will be the next fraction of Africa to succumb to English rule. England's methods of procedure are various. It might be a useful lesson for our statesmen and politicians to study Liberia's prospects with care. We are still young in the business of grabbing other peoples' lands. England could teach us many lessons. The latest one may well be worthy of our attention, since, in a certain sense, it deals with a district where we naturally possess an interest."

At the time, these suggestions caused some surprise. Americans were (and are) totally ignorant regarding Liberia and felt that my remarks were due to prejudice. I have no prejudice against England, from which my ancestry chiefly came. A few months have proved the truth of my predictions. In May last a Commission appointed by the Liberian government called upon President Roosevelt and begged the intervention of the United States for the purpose of guaranteeing independence and "integrity against the encroachments of powerful European governments." Among the reasonable ideas urged by this Commission was that disputes between Liberia and France, Germany and England should be settled by arbitration and not by a resort to force. We wisely refused to establish a protectorate over Liberia, but our government agreed to use its good offices with England, France and Germany. Considerable correspondence seems to have taken place and some interest relative to Liberia has been aroused. But on the whole no serious progress has been made and a few days since the newspapers contained the following item:

"Washington, D. C., Feb. 12.—Cable advices received at the state department today indicate that a climax has been reached in the Liberian situation. Conditions are grave, and great alarm is felt by foreign officials in Liberian employ.

A British gunboat has arrived to afford protection to foreign interests and a company of soldiers has been sent from Sierra Leone to the capital at Monrovia for the same purpose. Apparently great despondency is entertained as to the ability of the government to

maintain itself and as to the future of Liberia as a nation.

The notice closed with these words:

The cable today called attention to the effort of the state department, inaugurated by Secretary Root, to secure an appropriation of $20,000 to enable the president to send to Liberia a commission with a view to reporting recommendations as to the specific action this government should take which would constitute the most effective measures of relief. Secretary Root anticipated the development of conditions which would menace seriously the future of Liberia, which was established as a direct result of the action, first of American citizens, and, secondly, of the government of the United States.

What can we do? What should we do? First; we should notify Great Britain, France and Germany that encroachment upon Liberian sovereignity will be considered an unfriendly act by us; that coercion ought not to be used in the collection of debts, even though Liberia did not take part in the Hague Conference of 1907. Second; we should use our good offices to bring about definite arrangement between Liberia and the European nations for arbitration of all points at issue between them. Third; we should under no circumstances attempt to make a model government for her, nor should we insist upon reforms along our lines, but we should appoint an *advisory* commission of thoughtful and well-balanced men, who shall thoroughly investigate conditions and stand ready to give asked advice when needful upon points of importance. This commission should be retained for several years and should be non-partisan. So much we can and should do. FREDERICK STARR.

## Book Notices

Two books of interest to those who are looking for information bearing upon the subject of the betterment of the physical man by way of suggestion and kindred means have passed through our hands. *"The Art of Natural Sleep,"* by Lyman P. Powell, rector of St. John's Church, Northampton, Mass., is a little book that has grown out of the experience of the writer in finding relief by auto-suggestion from the lifelong bondage of insomnia. There is a simplicity and freedom from technical terms and theoretical discussions that enhances the value of this little work for the lay mind. The author has been associated with Dr. Worcester and his co-laborers in the Emmanuel Movement, and from out of an abundance of evidence presents case after case of sleeplessness treated by way of suggestion of the moral value of serenity. There is a large service that can be rendered by such a book in the realm of shifting the belt of attention from the unsteady whirling wheel of introspection to the steadier wheel the will revolves, for, simple though it seems, this is practically the problem involved in insomnia. The work is inexpensive, merely a matter of ninety cents net, and is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City. The other book is much more pretentious, although clear and concise, dealing with the truths involved in a knowledge of the law of vibrations, which is spoken of as "the basic law of the universe." In *"The Law of Rhythmic Breath,"* by Ella Adelia Fletcher, we have, therefore, an explanation, for the first time in Western literature, of the basic truths of the Rhythmic Breath as taught in ancient Hindu philosophy. Eastern mysteries are exceedingly alluring, and the science and philosophy of life are certainly seductive and interesting problems, and when the writer of this interesting work starts out with the proposition that "Breath is Life," she contends no more, and certainly no less, than that Nature's Laws lie contiguous to the Truth of Being. The whole end and aim of life is to educate soul in the matter of gaining will-power to overcome the limitations of matter and return to the true Spirit-life. To this end, then, it is absolutely necessary that the body be brought into subjection to and harmony with the Spirit by refining and subliming it and so heightening its powers as to make it sensitive and responsive to all the motions of the Spirit. This is not so hard a task as one might think. It is far from impossible for one to set an example of poise, serenity, and happy confidence in ultimate good by opposing passion and pessimism with thoughts of their opposites. It has been demonstrated again and again that beneficent suggestion has influenced for good a nature which can hear no arguments nor opposing opinions without being stirred to excited antagonism. A mental atmosphere of love and confidence is a protection against evil thought-waves. We are human electric batteries, and the regeneration of the body depends upon the concentration of the mind controlling discordant vibrations or breaths. The mental effort is all-important, for it is making or unmaking hour by hour, and the most important task in life is to learn to direct its activities in ways that are beneficent instead of ways pernicious. Suggestiveness is the key-note of this interesting theme, and the reader is bound to respect the studies of one who, from out of much experience as well as much thought, seeks to demonstrate the possibilities of her subject. The publishers are R. F. Fenno & Company of New York *Chicago.* ARTHUR J. FRANCIS.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY:

"The Preacher." By Arthur S. Hoyt. 380 pp. Price, $1.50 net.

"A Second Year of Sunday-school Lessons for Young Children." By Florence U. Palmer. 258 pp. Price, $1.25 net.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS:

"Industrial Insurance in the United States." By Charles Richmond Henderson. 439 pp. Price, $2.19 postpaid.

"Heroes of Israel." By Theodore Gerald Soares. 388 pp. Price, $1.00 postpaid.

"Studies in the First Book of Samuel." By Herbert Lockwood Willett. 305 pp. Price, $1.50 postpaid.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION:

"Transient and Permanent." By Theodore Parker. 482 pp. Price, $1.00 net.

"Historic Americans." By Theodore Parker. 460 pp. Price, $1.00 net.

"Sermons of Religion." By Theodore Parker. 346 pp. Price, $1.00 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY:

"The Witness of the Wilderness." By G. Robinson Lees. 222 pp. Price, 3-6 net.

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY:

"The Confession of Seymour Vane." By Ellen Snow. 77 pp.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS:

"The Philosophy of Self Help." By Stanton D. Kirkham. Price, $1.25 net.

"The Century of the Child." By Ellen Key. Price, $1.50 net.

"A Resemblance and Other Stories." By Clare Benedict. 378 pp. Price, $1.50.

"Abraham Lincoln." A Poem. By Lyman Whitney Allen. 142 pp. Price, $1.25 net.

"Shelburne Essays," (Sixth Series). By Paul Elmer More. 355 pp. Price, $1.25 net.

"Uncle Gregory." By George Sandeman. 284 pp. Price, $1.50 net.

# THE HOME

## Helps to High Living

SUN.—Trust in the Lord and do good.
MON.—Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.
TUES.—Commit thy way unto the Lord.
WED.—Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him.
THURS.—Cease from anger and forsake wrath.
FRI.—Those that wait upon the Lord shall inherit the earth.
SAT.—The meek shall inherit the earth and delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

—*From Psalm XXXVII.*

### A LULLABY.

Cuddledown town is near Cradleville,
Where the sandmen pitch their tents;
In Drowysland,
You understand,
In the state of innocence.

'Tis right by the source of the River of Life,
Where the Grandma Storks watch over,
While honey bees
'Neath funny big trees
Croon lullabys in sweet clover.

'Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddledown town,
For its people are all sleepers,
And never a one
From dark till dawn
Has ever a use for peepers.

They harness gold butterflies to sunbeams,
Play horse with them a-screaming,
While never a mite
Throughout the night
E'er dreams that he's a-dreaming.

Oh, Cuddledown town is a village of dreams,
Where tired little legs find rest;
'Tis in God's land,
'Tis holy land,
Not far from mother's breast.

And many a weary grown up man
With sad soul, heavy, aching,
Could he lie down,
In this sweet town,
Might keep his heart from breaking.

—*Alice Hegan Rice.*

## Some Old Relics.

In an old town in Delaware are preserved two or three curious relics of Revolutionary days, which bear a significant lesson to people of later times. One is a silver strainer, which Benjamin Franklin had made out of the first silver dollar that he ever earned. Another is a worn prayer-book, which also belonged to Franklin. In it is written the name of Betty Parker, a young girl to whom he gave it, with these words of advice:—

"Go to church constantly, whoever preaches. The act of devotion is your principal business there, and, if properly attended to, will do more toward mending the heart than sermons generally can do. Yet I do not mean that you should despise sermons, even if you dislike the preacher; for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear water comes through very dirty earth."

The other memento is of a very different character. It is a bullet covered with a thick coating of rust. At the battle of Brandywine, Gen. Lafayette was shot, and fell.

"General, I am wounded," he said to Washington, as he was carried past the chief.

"I am sorry for it," was the reply.

"Sir, I am not sorry," the young Frenchman answered quickly.

The bullet had passed through the leg and could be felt under the skin at the other side. No surgeon came to dress the wound. A woman named Bell McClosky cut out the bullet with her scissors, and bandaged the leg so skillfully that when the surgeon examined it nothing more was needed. This woman was the wife of a poor soldier, who followed her husband to every battle-field, and gave what help she could to the wounded and dying.

When Lafayette returned to this country in 1824, he visited Delaware and received a splendid welcome, civil and military. But he did not forget the woman who had come to his help. Bell McClosky was brought to Wilmington and presented to him. She had preserved the bullet, and it is cherished by her descendants as the memento of a brave man and a good woman.—*Youth's Companion.*

## Scientific Training

The value of thorough scientific training, and the growth of respect for theoretical knowledge based on demonstrated facts is well illustrated in a recently recorded instance of a farmer's son who took a college course in agriculture. When he finished his studies he told his father he proposed trying out what he had learned in a position offered him.

"Why do you want to go away? Why not take our farm?"

"I am willing to, if I can have full charge and do just what I please."

This presented a trial to the father, for he was the most successful farmer in the community, and didn't really want to let go, but he was a wise man, and he said, "All right; go ahead."

The young man took over the management. His father reported the result to a friend.

"The first thing he did was to hitch three horses to the plow. I had never done it, nor heard of it, but I saw right away it was the thing to do. Then he took much more trouble in getting strong and clean seed than ever I had done, and the result was that the first year his crops were far better than mine ever were. The next year they were better yet. Our neighbors began to copy his ways, and now the farmers round here get fifty thousand dollars a year more out of the ground than they did before my boy went to college."

And yet there are human moles who say we are suffering from too much education.—*From The Pacific Unitarian.*

### THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.

"Somewhere," he mused, "its dear enchantments wait,
That land, so heavenly sweet;
Yet all the paths we follow, soon or late,
End in the desert's heat.

"And still it lures us to the eager quest,
And calls us day by day"—
"But I," she said, her babe upon her breast,
*"But I have found the way."*

"Some time," he sighed, "when youth and joy are spent,
Our feet the gates may win"—
"But I," she smiled, with eyes of deep content,
*"But I have entered in."*

—*Emily Huntington Miller, in the Independent.*

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# THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."*

## FOREIGN NOTES.

GENEVA'S GRAVEST PROBLEM.—In his various "Letters from Geneva," to *L'Avant-garde*, on the Separation crisis in that city, Mr. L. Ferriere very ably traced the peculiar and inevitable effect of the political history of Geneva on the development of its National Protestant Church, transforming it at last, in fact if not in name, into what he considers a new type which he designates as a *racial* church. In another letter to the same paper last December, after the adoption of the new church constitution, he again points out that the gay little independent city of the middle ages, though when caught in the mighty grip of the giant from Noyon in Picardy, she was curbed and resigned herself to conversion, and later, renewed by an infusion of new blood from the fiery Huguenot stock, sent her newly adopted children, grasping the Bible and singing psalms, to every stake in Europe, she did not, nevertheless, lose the native temperament but rather steeled it by giving it a new bent and a grand ideal. From the cathedral on the top of the hill, the Genevan, looking out toward that other Rome, could make it tremble, because Rome was only an idea, a dogma, however great that dogma might be, while he, small though he was, was a race, and a moral race, that is an idea made flesh and blood, incarnated in a people, not merely in an institution, and renewing itself by making its little ones in the image of their fathers, by creating, in other words, a national character, an hereditary, congenital temperament.

The Escalade of the 12th December, 1602, was repulsed, but for the last half century we have seen the infiltration from year to year, with ever growing rapidity, of a new population foreign to the soul of the race. Beside the citizens of the catholic communes added in 1815, and some naturalized French, Italians and Germans, there is at Geneva, outside the body politic—at least for a time yet—a large semi-resident, semi-floating population, which is slowly undermining and disintegrating the very foundations of the national character. Is this a work of decomposition or merely one of transformation?

This is what thoughtful, patriotic Genevans are asking themselves from day to day with ever-growing anxiety. Is their beloved, historic Geneva, with its stanch and honorable traditions and ideals to be swept away by this swelling alien tide and become a purely cosmopolitan city, in which all she has stood for in the past shall become more and more a mere vanishing tradition?

Not for this but rather to forefend it, did she so joyfully enter the Swiss Confederation, yet the very conditions of that admission have been one important element in her undoing by forcibly impairing the homogeneity of her population. Her peculiar geographical position, her beautiful location, her reputation as a seat of learning and culture, and, more than all, her boundless hospitality, her traditional maintenance as a city of refuge for all the oppressed, have done the rest, until now her own children, who love her as perhaps few cities are loved in these days, find that what may be the greatest struggle of their history is before them to escape denationalization.

This is the thought that is voicing itself in public and private, by means of press and platform, not merely in connection with church reorganization and in patriotic assemblies, but in serious and much discussed suggestions as to ways and means to improve the situation.

One of these serious discussions of the "problem" is a little brochure by Mr. Edmond Boissier, a man of the best old Genevan stock. Mr. Boissier considers three propositions: 1. Restriction of the right of establishment. This is contrary to the spirit of the time to treaty obligations and is not to be thought of.

2. Appeal to the Swiss of other cantons; but emigration from that quarter is naturally limited.

3. The imposition of naturalization on all children born in the canton of foreign parents, or coming there before their seventh year. This is deemed a more practicable measure as it would only be imposing on the French that enforced naturalization which they thrust upon Swiss infants born in French territory, yet the question remains how much real assimilation can be brought by compulsion.

Commenting on this, the *Signal* lays stress on the school as a means of assimilation by the inculcation of national ideals and cultivation of patriotism. It very rightly, one would think, deprecates the suicidal policy of abandoning the singing of Swiss national songs in the schools because they are distasteful to foreigners. The fact is, Geneva has been so incredibly generous in the matter of admitting the children of foreign residents to her school privileges on practically equal terms, or nearly so, that foreigners too often forget that it is not for them as beneficiaries to dictate to those who pay the taxes.

This problem is also closely linked with the one mentioned last week concerning the railway station. The fact that the railway facilities are owned and managed by a French company in itself adds several hundred to the floating French population. These French railway employees are frequently changed, at the convenience of the foreign company. At the best, intercourse with their fatherland is so easy and direct that there is no inducement to them to become Swiss citizens, and they do not sympathize with Swiss interests. Were the railway management to be taken over by the Federal Government, this considerable body of employees would at least be Swiss, and it is believed that the service would furnish employment to native youth who are now obliged to expatriate themselves in order to gain a livelihood.

We are certain to hear more on this subject as time goes on. M. E. H.

## THE PRESIDENT OF SMITH

The president of Smith College recently said that too great an interest in politics was unladylike, and he refused to have the election returns sent to the college.

It was a college president
Who woke one morn and found
A hole that needed darning
In a sock he thought was sound.

His wrath was hot within him,
And he sternly shook his head:
"This comes of women's interest
In politics," he said.

"As I'm a college president
And have them well in hand,
On presidential politics
I'll show them where they stand.

"For all domestic female minds
It really was not meant
That they should know which candidate
Became the president."

He issued forth this mandate—
With pride his bosom burns—
"Within our college precincts
You shall not hear returns,"

But oh, that college president,
He really does forget
Coercion never conquered
A single woman yet.

And that awful female suffrage
On which his foot he set
Will gain with every graduate
An ardent suffragette.

—*A. L. Brunner, New York Sun.*

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